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The
Path-Finder

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Philosophy and the Higher Development of the Human Race—Physical and Metaphysical.

VOLUME II

NUMBER 7

The World's Advance Herald
of Perfect Health and Perpet-
ual Opulence

EVERY PERSON in the world who is afflicted with ill health, or other adverse conditions in life, should read "THE PATH-FINDER." And equally important is it that the opulent in health and purse should gain the knowledge which will insure the indefinite prolongation of life, and which these columns will disclose.

EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE
Editor.

THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING CO., Roswell, Colo.

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Factors in the Process of Human Development

The Book of the New Century

A Text Book for the
Millions who are in
Search of Health
and Opulence. e e e



BY
Edgar Wallace Conable

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PART I.

1. Reminiscent.
2. Some of the Work Being Accomplished.
3. Brain Functions.
4. The Law of Life and Death.
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PART II.

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16. The Real Elixir of Eternal Life.

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THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING COMPANY,
ROSWELL, COLORADO

The Path-Finder

*A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Philosophy and the Higher Development
of the Human Race—Physical and Metaphysical.*

VOL. II.

ROSWELL, COLORADO, APRIL, 1903.

NO. 7

The Path-Finder

BY THE EDITOR.

Your Days Are Numbered.

A UNITED STATES Consul General writes the editor of THE PATH-FINDER, among other things: "I am following out your instructions as near as I can so as to become a decent man. A little over five months ago I quit eating meat; one month ago ceased eating anything before mid-day, and these last two weeks have skipped eating any food from Sunday evening to Tuesday noon. In two weeks more I shall double the present fasting time, and three weeks from that time I shall go it for three days or more. If I keep on, you will have to look to your laurels. I propose to pay a visit to Roswell."

Excellent. When I begin to make inroads into the government service, I know that I am putting out something that the people need. THE PATH-FINDER is even invading the ranks of the soldiers in the regular army. Several have already written to me soliciting information as to what foods they can eat to take the place of the Soul-destroying and physical-decaying government rations supplied to all the soldiary.

It is a burning shame that some of the official heads of the War and Navy Departments have not long ago absorbed a little common sense respecting the proper foods for the army and navy.

If they had, they would not be constantly compelled to explain their connections with the various contract putrid meat scandals. So far all the investigations have extended only to the character of the meat sent out. The authorities do not seem to understand that all meat is in a state of decomposition and disintegration from the moment animate life is removed, and is a deadly poison to the human system. Some of it kills a little quicker than other kinds; but it all kills—just give it time. It will do its work all right.

And to think that a supposedly intelligent government like the United States should force its defenders to subsist upon poisons of the rankest character!

But here comes along the President of the United States and says that men who do not eat meat do not make good soldiers; that it takes away their courage and fighting propensities. Here is where the President makes a grave mistake, as does every one who takes this view of the matter. But I will tell you what non-meat eating *does* do: It destroys the desire to take the blood of your fellowman and that of every living thing. It destroys the war spirit, but not courage. In fact, it builds up and stimulates courage in every human breast. It teaches men to recognize no such thing as fear in any form. It builds around him an aura of self-protection that no foe can invade. It quickens the intellect and strengthens the heart-strings of love and sympathy so that the spirit of war can never enter

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the human brain. And last and best of all, it makes *men*, not blood-thirsty tyrants who gloat and revel over the writhings of the victims of their "skill" and "manly" qualities.

If you want a nation whose heart beats in perpetual peace, but whose recognized power will ward off every approaching danger the world over; if you want a people whose ambitions and strifes in life will not find consummation in the trampling under foot of the less fortunate in the various walks leading to better conditions; if your desire is to build a race of people whose loftiest aspirations will be the uplifting of the whole great body of struggling humanity, make the destruction of life of any kind for any purpose a penal offense for twenty-five years, and at the end of that time it will become the common law of the land and will enforce itself. There will not be another war. There will not be the vaguest shadow of a desire for war. There will not be another murder. There will not be another theft. There will not be another assault upon the chastity of women. There will be no crimes; no need for criminal magistrates; no need for criminal lawyers or any other kind. The doctor will be a back number, for his business is only made possible by the meat-consumer. In a quarter of a century the physical body and the body politic alike will have been so thoroughly cleansed that disease and crime will be unknown—will be, in fact, an impossibility.

No one can steal who is not filled with meat. No one can murder whose body is not soaked with the essence of a murdered animal. No man can drink whisky and become the victim of vampires whose body is not steeped with the poison of once animate life. No man can ravish his own wife or that of his neighbor who is not the victim, voluntarily or hereditarily, of the infamous meat habit. No man can gloat over the misfortune or downfall of his

fellow-man whose skin is not filled with the poison generated in the body of the animal upon whose decomposed carcass he has, like the vulture, feasted until his faculties are beclouded.

It takes but twenty-five years to clean up and cleanse and disinfect a nation so that the fetid breath of its people will not palsy the tongue of a Nazarene should he see fit to come among us. No meat-feeding race will ever again see a Nazarene. That is one of the impossibilities. But this does not imply that we never *will* see a Nazarene. No; far from it. A Nazarene is now on his way to us. So is the meat-trust on its way—to perdition. The great mass of people are now, this very moment, cleansing themselves preparatory to his reception. This is the last time a Nazarene will appear upon this earth. This is the last chance the people of this sphere will be given an opportunity to hear the voice of a Real Master. The cleansing process is going on, making ready for this "last call." The world is now looking on the inside of itself to see where needed repairs must be made. The winds and the waves, the lightning's flash and the holocaust are taking care of all those around whom a yellow flag must be stationed; and the pest house and the slaughter pen will be among the missing.

I tell you what is a positive fact, friends—it is in no sense a prediction—but a truth whose absolute accuracy will be established within the limits of the time named—that in fifty years from the beginning of this present century, not a single man, woman or child who eats meat will be alive.

Many of you may think that this is a long time and that you will die anyway before the ending of these fifty years, but I want to tell you further, that every one will not have to wait the full time of this limit. Indeed the evidence is on every hand every moment of every twenty-four hours of

each day, right now, that the wrong-livers are being removed in such unheard of number as to shock the entire civilized world; and it is causing people to think as they have never thought before. What are they thinking about? They are trying to solve this great problem of life and death and fathom the mystery of the causes leading to the wholesale slaughter of the race now in progress in every portion of the known world where people have been feasting upon the lives of others or God's creatures.

But the processes of human destruction at the present time are but as child's play compared to what they will be in the next few years to come and continuing for a decade or more. Nothing will save the unclean and immoral. Nothing will save any human being who persists in feeding his body upon other than the foods provided by Nature for man's growth and unfoldment.

These statements are not given out to frighten any one into doing the right things. All growth must be voluntary if it would be effective. The mind must be educated in the right channels and the body brought into harmonious attunement with the thought forces before results will manifest themselves on the higher plane—on the plane of *living* growth and unfoldment. I would lead no one into doing things that are antagonistic to one's own desires. That is not a part of my work. My work is to show people the *way* and point out the consequences when the right way is persistently shunned. Here my labor ceases. And again, I ask no one to believe what I say. I want every one to demonstrate for himself and for herself that the things I contend for are either false or true. They are certainly one or the other. There is no half way about these statements. And I expect no one who is not interested in his own growth and development to spend any time trying to prove or disprove my claims. But I *do* expect every one who

is really in search of the Truths of life—every one who is seeking health and a higher state of physical and mental growth—to at least give my claims and the things that I have demonstrated over and over again to be true, a fair trial. I ask nothing more, and I do not ask this from any one who feels an indifference to his own conditions in life. It were better that such ones pass on as speedily as possible. I would not throw a straw in their way.

* * * * *

But, friends, whatever your tastes may be, whatever your desires and inclinations, whatever method of living you pursue, there is one fact that will be ever-present with you. It is this: The clammy hand of Death is upon every meat-eater—upon every human being who destroys and feeds upon the flesh of a fellow creature, and you cannot shake it off. Your days are numbered.

Regenerative Harmony.

A GOOD doctor friend of THE PATH-FINDER propounds a very serious question. He wants to know something that has baffled the wisdom of many of the gods in past ages. But it is not to be supposed that, as the centuries flit by, there should not come greater enlightenment to the earnest student and searcher after the Truths in life. This doctor writes:

Here is a question I would like to ask and the answer, or discussion, it will bring out will, I think, be very instructive and interesting to all your readers: "Will it not be absolutely necessary for the human male and female to live in perfect harmony (regenerative harmony, I mean), before they will be able to live indefinitely and unfold to the maximum—become each other's savior, as it were?"

No. There *never can be* a high standard of spiritual unfoldment in the presence of the physical sex relation, no matter how harmonious the companions may be. It is not a possibility, never has been and never will

be. The man or the woman who unfolds to the maximum (in reality there is no maximum; there is no cessation of growth or limitations, though I sometimes use the expression) must do it on purely spiritual lines—not through the physical comingling with the opposite sex. It is true that harmony is productive of a passivity of temperament that is most essential to lofty unfoldment. It is true, also, that the companionship of the opposite sex, where perfect harmony exists, is an important (not absolutely necessary factor) in the uplifting of either sex. But this companionship must be divorced from the sex relation, absolutely, else one will never harken unto the voice of the *real gods* and hear anything worth listening to.

There is a scientific, as well as a natural, reason for the absolute Oneness with one's self in the matter of higher growth. True, the example of propagation is constantly set before us in all so-called lower nature, even unto the precious stones concealed beneath the earth's surface and the waxen-petaled lily of the valley—they all propagate in some form or other. This is Nature in its lower process; and this will ever continue up to the point where life becomes endowed with the consciousness of Divine understanding. Here it ceases; here it *should* cease if we would not still live on the animal plane. Here it *must* cease if we would perfect ourselves that we may feast our vision on the glories of the Celestial Realm.

The vital (sex) element that the human race has so persistently wasted during the long centuries of the past has been the means of keeping the race in bondage—in ignorance—dwarfed and both mentally and physically inactive. The race is nothing like what it should be or would have been had man refrained from the lusts of the flesh. This fact is becoming more and more apparent as we begin to demonstrate what man *can* be when he once cuts

loose from this physical bondage and turns his thoughts into loftier channels. Every atom of his whole being is made stronger; presuming, of course, that the physical body has already been made clean and all the deadening methods of living been eliminated.

As I have before stated in these columns, there is no such thing as Soul-mating between man and woman. Such a thing is as impossible as it would be to cross the lily with the Russianistle. There is no Soul-mating except with the Inner Self. The Mating comes when the physical body has been perfectly cleansed and the physical vital fluid is carried to the seat of the Divine Life within. Then comes Divine Illumination of the whole being. Then are we vested with that Mighty Power which at once becomes a Creative Force, harmonizing perfectly with the Infinite. The physical output of this vital life essence is never else than deadening and destructive in its effects and in its results—deadening to the perceptive senses and destructive to the physical body.

But I am not expecting every one to forego the alleged pleasures of bodily contact. There is only one here and there who is strong enough mentally to turn over this leaf, even though it means the perpetuation of life itself. Some of us would rather die than live *right*. But I want to say to some of the men who may chance to read this article, that there are a million women in the United States today (married women) who would bless this day of reformation with all the fervor of their harrowed Souls, whose dawn would come to them. This is no exaggeration. It is the solemn truth. How do I know? Because my office is full of the written testimony and I have heard from less than sixteen of one per cent. of these sufferers.

Some one here rises up and asks: What would you do to perpetuate the human race? This is a phase of the

question that I shall take pleasure in discussing at some future time.

Another person in the audience says: Then I suppose you do not believe in marriages? O, yes, I do—because it is the law of the land. I am a moralist of the strictest type. I would do nothing to offend the proprieties of custom, even though custom is the cloak under whose folds more heinous crimes are committed than are made possible through all the other avenues of our boasted civilization.

But no marriage that ever contemplated the sex relation ever led a single (or a double) human being *upward*. There may be those who are not entirely pleased with this plain statement of fact, but this is immaterial to me. An honest man (I believe him to be honest) has asked me a plain question concerning a matter which affects, in greater or less degree, the whole human race. It is my business to answer this question in the same spirit of candor, and so plainly that no one may misunderstand my meaning.

The people who are teaching the youth of the land, as well as those of mature years, that there must be a steady development and constant activity of the sex functions else it is evidence of physical and spiritual decadence, are criminals whose infamous teachings will, if persisted in, carry them to the lowest depths of hell. I now have a half dozen of their victims on my hands—emaciated, distorted wrecks of physical manhood and womanhood. One poor boy, for years the victim of one of the most conspicuous boasting alleged mental healers in the country, came to me appealingly for help. He had been robbed of all his money. His father had spent a fortune on him. He was held for years in the clutches of this hybrid monster of an alleged healer and constantly told: "You are all right, my boy. The things I am advising you to do will bring you out and make a man of you." And the

character of the treatment for this poor lad was to encourage the activity of the sex functions. The boy is a wreck, without hope. Infamous! *Infamous!* As a last chance this boy went to California where he encountered the same kind of "healers." He came home to die. For six years, under the instructions and teachings received, not a night had passed that the vital essence of life had not escaped in great or less quantities. The only surprise is that he is still alive. Should I publish this young man's letters setting forth (and giving names) the infamous crimes perpetrated on him, there would be more rattling among the dry bones than has occurred of late years.

The people whose thoughts never rise above "half-mast" are indeed deeply mired in the slums, but there should be a law against dragging others down to their level. The innocent, but unfortunate, should be spared such horrible experiences. There is a rational way to assist the victims of heredity. There is a common sense way by which every one who is in pain may be relieved and come into a clear understanding of the power of the mighty forces which may be drawn upon in the hour of deepest sorrow and suffering. This process never contemplates the absorption of one's vital forces. It has a grander mission to perform. Its mission is to make the physical tenement habitable for the Life within, without whose presence there can be no physical life at all.

But I am wandering away from the subject of Regenerative Harmony. Regenerative Harmony has no wider significance than Physical Harmony. It cannot encompass Soul Attachment. It cannot open the way to the higher unfoldment. It cannot court the Infinite and make love to Divinity. It falls short of all of these. It has no mission beyond the moment. We may imagine that the Exalted is with us, but it isn't. It is all pure fiction—superficial and

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transitory. It is simply a *habit*, and may be classed among the other imaginary pleasurable habits that dwarf the Soul and deface the glory of our lives.

Regenerative Harmony—Definition: Harmonious physical contact; blighting to the perceptive faculties in its effects. To be avoided if the desire is to grow.

Sam Jones Again.

THERE seems to have been an unfortunate confusion of Sams that THE PATH-FINDER hastens to straighten out. In the matter of current news, most of us are dependent upon the general news press of the country for what light and information we get. When this news press gets things mixed, we, who often find our texts when scanning the news columns of the public prints, are sometimes led astray. This happened in the case of the noted Southern evangelist, the Rev. Sam Jones. The press got Sam Jones and Sam Small, a former co-worker with Sam Jones, confused, hence the injustice to the former.

The specific notice in relation to this matter that attracted the attention of the editor of THE PATH-FINDER, was found in an article in Benedict Lust's monthly magazine, *Naturopath*, published in New York City—December issue, if my memory serves me right.

But to emphasize the inaccuracy of all the published statements concerning Sam Jones, the following letter from Mr. Jones himself is sufficient, THE PATH-FINDER is more than pleased to give it the widest publicity; suggesting at the same time that all the other publications which were the victims of this error, do the same:

CARTERSVILLE, GA., March 5, 1903.

MR. EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE,
Editor THE PATH-FINDER,
Roswell, Colo.,

MY DEAR SIR:—Your editorial in the February number of THE PATH-FINDER, brings me to my feet. First, to thank you for the

sympathy and kind words you said of me, and secondly, to say to you that S-A-M J-O-N-E-S has not lapsed into the besotted cups of his earlier days before his reformation; nor has he become a hopeless wreck, etc. Such a tale was published on S-A-M S-M-A-I-L, a few weeks ago, but I thank God, that His Grace has kept me as sober as an angel, for more than thirty years. Not as good as an angel at all, but as *sober* as an angel.

Your periodical has a large circulation. Please be as just as you are sympathetic toward me, and give this communication place in your columns.

With best wishes for you, I am,

Yours truly,

SAM P. JONES.

The accuracy of the above splendid letter needs no corroboration at any one's hands, and the cause leading to the error is explained. No one, not even the members of the Rev. Sam Jones' family, regret more sincerely and profoundly the publicity of this error than does the editor of THE PATH-FINDER.

* * * * *

So, with reference to the subject matter of the editorial in question, the readers of this magazine are invited to substitute the name of Sam Small in place of that of the distinguished gentleman whose communication appears, above, or that of any other unfortunate human being who has relapsed and fallen a victim to the alcoholic habit. I make no distinction as to race, sect or previous condition. All of God's creatures are alike to me. All I wish to know is that the individual is earnestly striving to find the relief his Soul craves. Such ones I stand ready to help without fee or material reward, except as they feel that they can aid in the propagation of this great work, that it may come to the knowledge of all who need it. In labor of this sort the life of the man whose sole possession is a copper cent is as dear to me as that of the millionaire. There is no distinction between the Divine Life of the millionaire and that of the pauper—between

the sinner and the saint, for in the twinkling of an eye the physical conditions may be reversed. The history of all ages proves the infallibility of this statement. My mission is to make millionaires (in grace) of everything that draws the breath of life—to show them the way, and not leave them until the way is found. I expect only those who can afford to spare the money to pay me for my time. I never turn any one away who frankly says to me that they need help, but have no means by which they can compensate me for the time given them. When I name a price, it is for the opulent and those who seek to get something for nothing. I am a busy man fourteen hours of every day of the year, but I will always *take* time to assist those in distress, no matter what the affliction. I discriminate only when I am being imposed upon.

It Lights the Way.

IF ANY ONE doubts that THE PATH-FINDER is lighting the way for many a mortal who has been groping in darkness, we would like to have such an one examine a stack of more than a thousand personal letters that have found their way to this office during the past few months. Occasionally the temptation to publish these letters is very strong in order that the skeptical may see what they are really missing. There is no excuse for any man or woman being burdened with disease, except that the better way has not come to their knowledge. Some, again, are too indifferent to their negative and diseased surroundings to arouse sufficient activity to get out from under their adverses. Of course all of these will follow in the footsteps of their predecessors who have already taken the "long journey."

Is it little wonder that the editor of this magazine has arrayed himself in antagonistic opposition to the silent

thief known as the Messenger of Death? Could he do else when every person on earth, with two or three exceptions, who was dear to him, has been stolen away in the midst of a life that had but fairly commenced to bloom? As I look back over the past, the causes leading up to these untimely removals are plainly discernible. There was no valid excuse for a single death. Every one should be living and enjoying the fullness of a perfected life at this moment. No one knows this better than the Egos that took their leave from these physically imperfect structures; and no one knows it better than the modern student of Nature's laws governing life and death. Am I grieved because of these goings out? I am saddened that the better way did not come to them before the Dark Shadow flitted across their vision. I am so saddened that I have dedicated my life to the work of enlightening those who are now willing to See. Perhaps the sorrows of the past drove me to this work. Who knows? Whatever it was or might have been, the pressure was sufficient. I find a consolation in this labor that has never before been mine. I find a joy whose radiant lustre no future sorrow can dim. What more do I crave? What more *can* I crave?

I am content to Light the Way if but for one hungry Soul; but the Power which illuminated my pathway is radiant enough to point out the way to every living creature. In the presence of this mighty Light, THE PATH-FINDER proposes to Shine for all mankind.

It LIGHTS the WAY.

Anent Our Health Home.

I AM being stormed with communications in commendation of the proposed new Health Home to be established by the editor of THE PATH-FINDER. So numerous are they that it would seem that the whole country is

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just now waiting for the construction of this one institution. I did not dream that the anxiety was so great.

Here are a couple of sample letters taken from the great number:

ALLIANCE, OHIO, March 9, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. CONABLE:—

Have I been—am I dreaming, or did you really give me a glimpse of the long hoped-for “pest cottage” and thousand-acre park enclosing it? I close my eyes and I see the beauty in actual existence. Now this is to say that in that enterprise I want to know that one brick is mine, so in your next communication do not forget to tell us about the price per acre. I hang my hopes high on a brick in that plat of one thousand acres. In fact your digest in THE PATH-FINDER suits me better and better. You see I am keeping pace, mentally and physically at least. I am learning also that people *cannot, will not hear* until they have *ears to hear*. There must be a “want to” burn in their souls before they will ever listen, and it must be a genuine one and not make-believe before they are sufficiently in earnest to pay for a meal they do not eat. * * * * Before my steps are turned Colorado-ward I want the grassy slopes of the one thousand acre lawn to have materialized and hope to count one brick in the combine. So let your Crystal Song ring out clear and melodious, for in many hearts it meets its harmony which shall answer back to you.

(MRS.) J. WANZER BROSIUS.

DENVER, COLO., March 11, 1903.

DEAR MR. CONABLE:—

Your journal is new to me, but it is like rich new wine. I am so *glad* that I have it: and the thought of the “Health Home” that you have in contemplation will fill many a soul with hope. It will surely be the immediate predecessor of the coming of “heaven on earth.” I am so *glad*. When well, life is such a glow of beauty to me. Even now when I have *one day* that I am free from some form of physical suffering I forget for the time being that life holds anything but joy, and feel sure that I’ll never be ill again. But, oh, it’s only a glow of light through the clouds. Still I firmly believe that I will yet regain my health. * * * * Pardon me, but the very thoughts of what *your* sanatorium would be to humanity fills me with such hope, because of the generous, soulful emanations from your words which bear healing power

to one who *wont give up*, and yet has feared they might be compelled to unless something comes besides drugs or mental or divine healing. I had such faith in the latter—in my own powers as well as in others—and I *know* that I can and do help myself to bear; but I want to become well and strong, and I *will*.

Yours Sincerely,

EFFIE F. KINGSBURY.

Seven Meals a Day for Consumptives.

MR. B. W. CHILD, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes the editor of THE PATH-FINDER as follows:

Read your article on the Tuberculosis Ranch Graft. The New York State Tuberculosis Association has just issued an account of its recommended method. Out door life and sleeping seems to be all right; but the seven meals a day and two of them cod liver oil and whisky do not seem to be in accord with my ideas or your articles. Can you get statistics as to the results in both cases, i. e., the fasting and “stuff to kill?” You and Tilden ought to prove your contentions.

I have no means of knowing what Dr. Tilden is doing, but so far as THE PATH-FINDER is concerned and my own personal efforts, they have had but one result up to date—we have not increased the population in a single cemetery in the world. After THE PATH-FINDER’s sanatorium is established and has been in operation a reasonable length of time, then the comparison of statistics will not be lacking. But you see us “specialists” rarely come in contact with other than such cases as the “regulars” have given up to die. So if we do lose one of these occasionally it should not surprise any one.

The editor of THE PATH-FINDER now has under consideration a thousand-acre tract on which there is a lake covering a hundred acres, lying close to a city of more than 150,000 inhabitants, but to the west and sufficiently high to avoid the fumes from its smelters and factories. Should we decide to locate our school and sanatorium here, a company will be organized with

a capital stock of \$300,000 with which to put this practically virgin tract of land in shape and erect suitable buildings. Should this be done we are going to let every one who is interested in this great work own one or more bricks in the buildings. In other words, we shall invite them to purchase such blocks of stock as their means and inclinations will dictate, but never to the extent that the control and general management of the institution will pass out of the hands of the editor of this magazine. In this undertaking it is necessary to have a suitable amount of ground and at the same time be centrally located near a large city. The publication department of THE PATH-FINDER must not be jeopardized. This tract of land is sufficiently close to a large city so that a city office can be maintained should it seem desirable.

But whether this particular tract of land is favorably considered or not, we are soon going to have a place where the sufferers in mind and body and the student in search of the loftiest unfoldment, can have exactly what they desire and need.

Then we will give friend Child statistics to his heart's content, and all others who are anxiously waiting for the construction of a sanatorium where a cemetery will not be a necessary appendage.

* * * * *

But think of seven meals a day for consumptives, two of them composed of cod liver oil and whisky! Ye gods and small polly-wogs! Is it any wonder that the country is full of tuberculosis parents?

Absolutely Sure.

A CAMBRIDGE, MD., subscriber to THE PATH-FINDER and who sends \$1 for "The Book of the New Century," writes: "Where do you get your advanced ideas, Mr. Conable?

You seem to be very positive. Are you sure of everything you write?"

Absolutely sure. Were I not, there would be no PATH-FINDER. I was born under planetary conditions that admit of no trifling or dealing in uncertainties. I am positive because I cannot be anything else. I am positive because I am an investigator. I am positive because I have first proven to myself that the things I teach are so. I am positive because my sources of information are Infallible. I am positive because it is possible for every one else to prove the accuracy of everything I state. I am made positive because I always go to the one fountain-head of supply for all the knowledge I seek. I consult with no one except my Inner Self. I accept the statements of no one from without. The Inner Light within me (the same that is within you) throws all the Truths of which I am in search plainly before my vision. The mighty Voice of the Infinite, which speaks audibly in the presence of all who *listen*, is plainly heard. But this Voice speaks only from the depths of the Within—never from without. The voice you hear from without is a fraud and a snare and should be given no recognition. Then one is never filled with doubt. But you must open the way to the Inner Light. The physically imperfect can get anything from without, but only the clean in both body and mind can find the Great Light within—the only Light that illuminates the pathway leading to absolute Truth. When you are in doubt, you may always know that you are on a side-track; that you are not on the main line. When all doubt vanishes and gives place to certainty, then it is that all the great Truths of life are within your reach.

Call upon the forces within yourself for the Light of Truth. You will never find it at the "seance table."

I *know* whereof I speak.

Shall We Go Him One Better?

NOW COMES our prolific President and advocates that all of us mortals should not only go and do likewise, but go him a few better if possible. He is afraid that the race of Americans will soon become extinct unless we cope more successfully with the foreign element in the matter of child production. As a starter in this child-producing propaganda, a member of the Pennsylvania legislature has introduced a bill providing for the giving of a gold medal, by the State, to all women who will furnish available proof that they are the mothers of nine children or more. This is an inducement for you for a fact! But where do the fathers come in? Perhaps they are expected to be patriotic enough not to demand premiums or chromos. I have known some whose "loyalty" could not be questioned in a little matter of this kind. But God help the women should this thing develop into the proportions of a Presidential fad. I pity them already—most of them. The fact of the matter is there are too many children already—that is, too many of the kind most people bring into the world. Not one child in five thousand is born with a perfect body, and this sort of physical derangement will continue just so long as parents procreate in pure lust. As matters now stand, it would take fifty years to bring about such a state of physical and mental perfection as would justify the bringing into physical existence such a child as the simplest laws of life demand. And then to think of these little ones being shelled out in groups and bunches in the dwarfed and imperfect state that all children of the present time are—the mere thought of it is enough to drive the intelligent mother insane. Should this idea grow and expand as our chief magistrate would have it, soon there would be established town, county and state hatcheries, with incubator at-

tachments, that the work of propagation might not be impeded.

Were there not a serious side to this proposition, the mere idea of it would cause me to smile audibly.

Strong, But True.

WHILE we are adding eight additional pages to this issue of THE PATH-FINDER, the editor may be pardoned if he uses a little of the additional space in a manner not entirely impersonal. Just how long THE PATH-FINDER will be kept up to a 32-page magazine is not known, but it is safe to say that a few additional pages will be added whenever the editor feels like it and the exchequer is in the humor. More than this will not be promised.

But we started out to give the following extract from Dr. E. E. Sonnanstine's *The Pink Iconoclast*, published in Colorado Springs. Dr. Sonnanstine pushes the most pungent pen of any writer along the Rocky Range or in the flats below, and he is supposed to be a judge of the "real thing." However this may be, I am going to risk the appearance of the following:

Edgar Wallace Conable, of Roswell, this state, publishes a monthly journal called THE PATH-FINDER. He is doing more each minute of his life to down the beef trust than President Teddy ever did, will or can do. The tobacco trust is another sufferer at the hands of Mr. Conable, and the whisky trust will be sending some of their fire-eating, water-despising Majors from Kentucky up here after the editor's scalp if he continues to knock the drink habit as he is doing, and teaching people how to live healthy and not eat meat or use tobacco. Mr. Conable has about fifteen hundred families in this country following his example and all of them have discarded the use of meat, tobacco and liquors, and all of them are healthy and vigorous and are adding their neighbors to the ever-increasing army of Conable's followers. The medical doctor (I mean the kind who want laws to compel you to patronize them) are sore at Mr. Conable because he is hurting their trust and graft. Mr. Conable was an invalid, or rather was an

unhealthy man, and learned how to manipulate the air and the functions of his body as nature intended he should, with the result of the discovery of how to live and live healthy. His teachings knock the old religious ideas into a cocked hat and the preacher who has devoted his life to useless prayers, passing the hat and teaching people how to die, had better send one dollar to THE PATH-FINDER and change his tune to teach people how to live and live happy. Mr. Conable is an Iconoclast from the fact that he breaks images of the above-mentioned trusts. He destroys the images of the pill-peddlers' trust and also the one of the scare-you-to-death preacher whose mainstay is passing the hat. Every comrade and every one else should read THE PATH-FINDER.

I Would Raise Particular —.

HERE is another suffering woman who would like some information. Her case is but one of millions of a similar character:

I was glad to see your article on gum and tobacco chewing. What do you think of the smoking habit aside from the fact that it takes so many dimes and quarters that might be put to better use and often actually needed for those in the home?

What do you think of the man who waited until he was forty years old to begin chewing tobacco, and now his teeth are as yellow as an orange, besides emitting a horrible odor?

What do you think of a man leaving a good home (he says it's good) night after night till the small hours of the morning, to frequent gambling houses, where he always loses his money, incurring heavy debts (he works for an ordinary salary), his family suffering in consequence?

With respect to such a man, I would say that in the abstract, upon the whole, in detail, in particular, in the aggregate and in specific offenses, that he was an abnormal incubus on the social and moral body, whose removal would elevate the standard of any home and of any community.

When a man starts in on a moral downfall at the age of forty, there is little hope for him. He rarely recovers his equilibrium. So many cases like this have come under my observa-

tion. It is a rare thing that the man is ever reclaimed. Indeed, it is a rare thing that he is ever worth reclaiming.

But if this woman sufferer feels that there is the shadow of a spark of hope left, I respectfully refer her to the article in the February issue of THE PATH-FINDER, under the heading of "Uncongenial Marriages."

Were I a woman and were I entrapped in such a mess as this, I would raise more hell with the man who had entrapped me than it would be possible for the devil to mete out to him in a thousand years. In fact, the devil is in need of assistants in order to enable him to do complete justice in such cases. I would be his first lieutenant, at least for a time.

The Kind of People I Love.

I LIKE men possessing both brains and brawn. They appeal to me as no other people do. They go straight to my heart. I want to take every one of them by the hand and tell them just what I think of them in language unmistakable.

As a sample of the sort of people I love, I offer the following:

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Feb. 27, 1903.

E. W. CONABLE, Roswell, Colo.

DEAR SIR:—I was a subscriber to Gen. Stitt Wilson's *Crusader* and have been receiving your paper in lieu thereof, and as the time has nearly expired would say, please continue my name on your subscription list and I will send the dollar as soon as I can find one that the "voting herd" have overlooked in their mad zeal to vote all the wealth of the Nation to their plutocratic plunderocratic, cannibalistic masters. That name is rather long, but it covers the ground of the characteristics of our friends, "the enemy." Are they not plutocrats in their greed for material wealth? and are they not plunderocratic, for do they not take what there is in sight? and are they not cannibals if they eat the substance of their fellows? Do they not thereby prey upon them?

As Horace Mann said in '49, "You might as

well depend upon another for your head as for your bread."

The reason I do not send the dollar now is, I am a mechanic, old and gray, and only in the way; and it is very hard for me to get a dollar any day. For when to the bosses for a job I apply, from their kindly hearts they tell me to go off and die.

Your paper is like a steam trip-hammer—to drive thoughts into the heads of a race of serfs—born from enslaved mothers, as Helen Gardner has so well said. Slaves desire to be slaves. In the language of the present day, they are built that way. I was in the cause of human rights in the days of '61, with a cavalry saber and a carbine gun. And would the black slave fight for his freedom? No! ("Going to stay with massa."). Not until he had to. Neither will the white slave to party sect and creed.

Fraternally,

W. WALKER.

A Semi-Tropical Compliment.

THE editor of THE PATH-FINDER seems to be "cutting ice" in several different languages. A few days ago the mails brought to his table a 33-page booklet printed in Spanish from the local press of San Salvador, C. A., the title page of which, translated, reads as follows: "Reincarnation and Karma—a Study of Ancient Truths, by Sargus; dedicated to the learned Salvadorian writer, 'Zulima,' and to the profound North American thinker, Edgar Wallace Conable." How is that for a semi-tropical compliment? Nothing very frigid about it, is there? If I am not careful I shall swell up to the point where I was previous to my fasting experiences. Then no one could touch any part of me with a ten-foot pole—except my abdomen. This was always in easy reach. But about this Spanish booklet on Reincarnation and Karma. These are subjects very near my heart, and ones that I claim to know a little something about myself. I would like to ascertain just how much this Central American knows concerning these matters that most affect our

growth and future existence. I am so curious that I think I shall have to find a Spanish interpreter to solve the mystery for me. When I do, should I find as good things as I am impressed to believe I shall, I may give some, or all, of it in the columns of THE PATH-FINDER.

Doing Missionary Work.

CARRIE NATION is doing good missionary work in California, for which THE PATH-FINDER is under obligations. A few days since we received a cash order for a year's subscription to THE PATH-FINDER. The person sending the order stated that he met Carrie Nation on a train in California and that she had a copy of THE PATH-FINDER in her hands. He requested her to let him see it, and she complied with the request, and permitted him to take the editor's address. The result was, of course, a subscription, as stated, for no person who *thinks* ever sees THE PATH-FINDER without subscribing for it. And perhaps, too, this may be the means of leading this misguided woman into the right path. Carrie Nation is possessed of brains, and spunk and grit and will power and perseverance, and all these things combined, but she is being led astray in her evangelical work by unseen forces that are making a monkey of her. Were this woman to direct her native talents and perseverance in the direction of trying to cope with the fountain head of the alcoholic infamy, she would be a greater power in the land than all the temperance organization in the country combined.

Reclaimed from Hell.

A KANSAS business man, whose name and address will be given to any one who cares to verify the following statement, writes under date of March 5th:

Edgar Wallace Conable, Roswell, Colo.:

DEAR SIR—During my life I cannot remember of having read two pages of the Bible. THE PATH-FINDER has brought about the following results, which being beneficial results, I cannot help but believe them truth: From the most despicable disease (sexual weakness), which not only made my body a hell, but made me a follower and miserable. I am today very near a perfect man. In fact, my body (or earth, you might say), is fast becoming as it is in heaven, and if I could but neglect my business and was where I would be in touch with good pure water and pure fresh air, it would be only a few weeks until my body and spirit would work in perfect harmony. Some day I believe it will be my pleasure to contribute a very interesting story—one that I am sure will make many converts. PATH-FINDER means just what its name implies. A copy was on the show-case in my store one day. That copy was the forerunner and opened my eyes.

There is nothing to add to this statement. It tells the story of a resurrection that was wrought in a few brief weeks. There are a million more that THE PATH-FINDER could save if we could but get the knowledge of its saving powers to them. If there is a stricken brother or sister anywhere who needs our help, will not some of their friends send their names to this office?

We are not asking for pay. Any person in need of this magazine who cannot afford to subscribe for it and will so state, will be given a year's subscription and credited in full for the price. It will never appear on our books as charity. It will be marked

paid and charged up to the editor's account.

But I want no curiosity seekers or professional skeptics. I want those only who are searching for the power that heals and makes *men* and *women*. I know that this magazine will make all such well and opulent. This is ample compensation for our labors.

Is there anything unfair about this proposition?

Our New Book.

“THE Book of the New Century—Factors in the Process of Human Development,” by Edgar Wallace Conable, has been out but a few weeks and yet over 300 copies have already been sold. Mr. W. W. De Lano, of Manitowoc, Wis., who has already purchased six copies of this book to send to friends whom he felt were in need of it, writes: “Mortal man could do his home town no greater kindness than to buy 500 or 1,000 copies and place them with families that would be likely to appreciate them. I hope to soon be in position to do that same thing. May success favor me to that end.”

If there is a single individual on top of this great, beautiful green earth who is really in search of health and the higher unfoldment of the physical and mental faculties, the way is made so plain in this “Book of the New Century” that failure is an utter impossibility.



The Path-Finder

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EDGAR WALLACE CONABLE - - - EDITOR

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-BY-

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PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A STOCK COMPANY.

As heretofore announced, THE PATH-FINDER PUBLISHING COMPANY has placed 5,000 shares of the capital stock of the company into a reserve fund to sell to its subscribers on the basis of \$1 per share, to be used exclusively for the purpose of pushing the circulation of the magazine. No certificates will be made out for less than five shares (\$5.00) and from that up. Some very liberal orders have already come in, but we confidently hope that every person who feels at all interested in the prosecution of this great work will become a stockholder of the company.

No one is invited to take stock in this company on the basis that it is a paying investment at the present time, and no one is invited who is not amply able financially to spare the money. It is only the opulent who feel a personal desire to aid the cause that we invite or expect to purchase any of this stock. But that in time this stock will become very valuable to the holder there isn't the slightest question. However, this is not held out as an inducement to anyone to invest. It must be

on the basis of a free-will offering for the cause or not at all.

Address all orders to

THE PATH-FINDER PUB. CO.,
Roswell, Colorado.

A HEALTH BUREAU.

So great is the demand for his services that the editor of THE PATH-FINDER has decided to open a health correspondence bureau. The conditions are easily within the reach of every one seeking health and who is desirous of obtaining that for which they are in search. In addition to this, instructions along the lines of higher unfoldment will be given to all those who wish to come in personal touch with the writer. But I can say this, that the columns of THE PATH-FINDER will always contain, from time to time, all that I shall ever give out personally; so the readers of this magazine will miss nothing. But there are so many who are in immediate need of such instruction as will put them on their feet physically, that I have deemed the opening of this health bureau advisable. It will be known as "The Conable System of Eliminating All Forms of Disease and Perfecting the Physical and Mental Organism." Those who are interested will receive an explanatory circular on application.

THE BOOK OF THE NEW CENTURY.

"Factors in the Process of Human Development," Edgar Wallace Conable's new book, and which goes out under the general title of "The Book of the New Century," is now ready for delivery. This book contains upwards of two hundred pages and is the most practical and advanced work of its kind ever issued from a publishing house in this country.

No student along the lines of higher growth and no one suffering from ill health or adverse conditions of any kind, can afford to be without this book. It is a text book in every sense, besides it spreads more general information in its particular field than any work heretofore published or that is likely to be published within the next fifty years. The beauty of this work is, it is filled with facts and the Truths of Life from cover to cover, demonstrated personally by the author.

This book contains a half-tone cut of the author made from a photograph taken at the close of his last twenty-five days' fast and after he had fasted one-third of the entire year of 1902.

Price, \$1.00.



Socialism and Life.

By J. STITT WILSON, A.M.

Mail all questions or criticisms directly to Mr. Wilson, at Highland Home, Berkeley, California.

SOCIALISM—A GREAT SOCIAL IDEA.

IN OUR LAST two articles I have dealt with the relation of the New Thought to the problem of poverty. I do not say that I have demonstrated the inadequacy of the New Thought philosophy to solve our problems of poverty; but I have given the barest outline of a line of reasoning which, if developed, would prove conclusively that any New Thought or old thought which neglects the social causes of poverty can never meet the social and economic needs of our times. These brief articles make no pretense to complete treatment of the subject, but are only suggestive.

In order to call our readers back to the main track of this department, let us again state our general position.

Our subject is "Socialism and Life." In common with all rational and good-humored people, we have one purpose: to add to the completeness and fullness, the expression and beauty of every last human life.

Lester F. Ward states this purpose indirectly in a beautiful and comprehensive paragraph: "Progress," he says, "consists essentially and solely in the elevation of the feelings, the increase of pleasure, the elimination of pain, the intensification of sentiment, the creation and diffusion of new enjoyments, the encouragement of natural emotions, the gratification of the normal instincts, the satisfaction of desire, and the general pursuit of happiness."

This definition of Life and Progress is grand. Define man in terms great enough, give the highest and divinest scope to the terms feeling, sentiments, enjoyment, emotion, instinct, desire, and happiness, and we have a purpose of life infinite in possibilities. Demand this for "all of the people all of the time," and that's what this department stands for.

But men may have a purpose in common and differ widely in their programs for ac-

complishing that purpose. And so this department stands for the proposition that whatever else adds to the "preservation, perpetuation, and improvement of organized beings," the program of scientific Socialism is the Great Social Idea that must be demonstrated and realized in our generation.

I am not a dogmatic Socialist. Douglas Jerrold once said that "dogmatism is puppyism full-grown." From this type of maturity may we be delivered. I believe that a man can hold too many complementary truths at the same time. Too much dogmatism at any one point is no doubt a species of insanity that people should not be incarcerated for, but they should receive a New Thought "treatment," for sperricity of thought and character.

When some people get a new idea they think they must break with every other idea they ever held, and even go farther than that; that they must oppose to the knife every other idea whether it is on the same plane of thought as their new idea or not.

For instance: Here are two letters in my morning mail. One an attack upon me that I should "dare" to mix up the great Social Idea of Socialism with Editor Conable's ideas on "fasting." The writer is afraid that many readers will think that to become a Socialist, as I would have him do, he must take the twenty-five days fast, that the editor of THE PATH-FINDER writes about. And because some few people cannot see two ideas at the same time. My correspondent would have me never write of Socialism in any magazine that stands for anything else than Socialism. Why, man, I would write on Socialism in a Buddhist magazine, or a Methodist weekly, or a Republican daily. I wish they would try me. I should be glad to send articles to papers that primarily stand for proper methods of raising chickens, or horses, or corn crops. I would like to have a shot at the other fellow anywhere. I consider it a great privilege to have these pages of THE PATH-FINDER, and

thus reach thousands of people all over the world who are not primarily interested in Socialism, but who must be thoughtful and progressive people or they would never read **THE PATH-FINDER**.

The other letter is from a New Thought disciple who had been trying to hold many a thought, but his body was so gross that any "thought" had an up-hill task to manifest itself in his being. He began to fast, not starting in too abruptly so as to "starve" himself. A "starve" is not a "fast." At the end of his third fast the corruption of old ideas and dead thoughts of dead ages left him and he saw the whole necessity of a social program; he saw that the present social system was diseased—over-gorging human life at one point, and robbing and impoverishing it at many other points; he saw the necessity of Socialism if involuntary poverty is to be abolished. For blindness, take a fast!

I refer to these two letters just to crack a little on the cranium of those people who think that if they have one idea they must exclude and even fight every other idea. Two ideas will not hurt you, brother. In fact a third will not kill you, and after you have had, say five, real great cognate ideas, you will have room for many more. It is strange but true that a man of only one or two ideas, is crowded if another should drop in over night, while the mind that asserts its Godhood and feels something of its infinite possibilities, as it adds idea to idea, and plane to plane, finds that the more ideas it possesses the more room it has for more.

All this then to lead up to my re-statement of the relation of Socialism to Life. We are all agreed, I say, the good-humored and sane, that there is but one rational purpose for us men: To enrich human life everywhere. "To-day men think for a purpose. That purpose is one—the elevation of man." (Ward.) But then, you say, programs differ. True. But because programs differ, they are not necessarily antithetical. They may be, and often are, supplementary. Hence to all the readers of **THE PATH-FINDER**—all progressive and radical thinkers on some line—to you I come with the message of Socialism, as a great and wonderful and inspiring program for accomplishing our common purpose—the elevation of the race. And I do not ask you to throw away your fad or philosophy. No. Hold to it as long as it helps you and others. You fast. Well and good. You are a vegetarian. You

teach that the race will devour one another in some form of brute selfishness as long as they eat their fellow creatures with such complacency. I have no objections to that. In fact I may be deeply sympathetic with that position. You believe in re-incarnation. All right. Come back as often as you like. I shall be glad to see you if I am here too. You believe in "holding the thought" of opulence, and demonstrating things for yourself now. Good. Go ahead. I shall not antagonize. What then? Simply to rap at the door of your cranium and offer to introduce to you a Great Idea. This Great Idea will not quarrel with all the others inside, even though some of the people who hold it are intolerant dogmatists. This Great Idea may give sanity to the interior situation. It may be just the intellectual visitor that is lacking to give wholeness and harmony to the inner circle that commands your being. For man is dominated by his thought—that is about 5 per cent of mankind. (The rest are dominated by the lack of thought—some one has said). This Great Idea will shed a new light on that inner inter-communion of the ideas already entertained. If you have any ideas that cannot stand that light, the sooner you excuse them the better. If you find this proposed light darkness, expel it.

Socialism is a large idea and cannot be defined or explained in a dictionary definition. It runs about as follows:

The people must live, and they seek abundant life, as well as mere existence. They eat, wear clothes and live in houses; need furniture, books, music, fellowship, travel, recreation, rest. This takes money.—the cash. To get this cash, they must labor. To labor, they must have access to the resources of mother earth and, in our modern days, to the machinery for producing things. A dollar is not food or clothing or shelter; it is not fellowship or fun. But it is a convenient thing by which to carry in your pocket railroads, steamboats, farms, merchandise, meals, lodging on this planet. Dollars do not grow on trees anywhere, however. *Labor of some kind creates all wealth.* Utility gives degrees to that wealth thus created.

For a hundred years or more we have gambled with an intensity never exhibited in human history over the resources of the earth, and the mechanical equipment of civilization. Most of the people are poor players. They are not experts at the game. They do not

know how to fix the cards, and are not quick at dealing from the bottom. Nine-tenths of the people can work and they do work. They are better able to labor on nature's resources, and with the giant machines, than they are to play the "financial" game. Hence the skilful players have worked the workers. And now at this opening of the new century they—the experts at the game—own the earth—practically. Anything, that is strategic and worth controlling they will get as soon as they care to. It would not do to take it too soon. The people must not be left too suddenly with nothing but their naked hands. If that was done, they would *think*. When you hypnotize a man, don't try the deep hypnosis too suddenly. So when the expert players in the "financial" game of civilization seek to get the earth, by legitimate and legal and religious means, of course, it must be "evolutionary." See!

The most valuable material resources are practically owned now by private corporations. The great railroad, telegraph, and telephone systems are likewise controlled by the same or similar combinations. The huge basic industries of the country are also thus held by the "trusts." The people do the work, and buy back at "trust" prices the stuff their own hands created.

And what do we see? A terrific game or struggle in progress. The battle for bread rages among the great masses. The battle for gain among the monied classes. The battle for power among the dictators of the situation—the real rulers of America.

We see wealth, sitting, "a monster gorged, 'mid starving populations." We see the bitter struggle of laborers against capitalists. We see the poor destroyed by their poverty. We see religion with heart and spirit quenched, standing apologist for the situation. The priest and the trust-maker are friends. We see the flag made the asset of the rapine of private individuals, instead of the symbol of every type of freedom for those beneath its folds.

In short,—and I have made no attempt to really characterize the situation—we see the people, rich and poor, men, women and children, ignorant and learned, all swept into the raging currents of a social and economic system that robs us all of that abundant and beautiful and divine human life which is our destiny and possibility.

There are limitless resources to provide bread enough and to spare; and yet thousands

are hungry, and millions are always on the edge of real want. There is every equipment now, after an age of mechanical triumph to lift the heavy burdens off the backs of the people, and provide every home and every child with every material basis of complete living; and yet millions of the great toiling masses, who make all the things that are made, who build all the machinery, and run it, are constantly feeling that economic pressure which makes life hard and anything but abundant. If it is said that the great artisan classes of America have a good living, that they have food, and good clothes, and fair homes, let it be remembered that to provide these elemental needs, the bread-winner, and sometimes the mother, or the children never let up in their complete servitude to life on its material plane. Life to them is consumed almost entirely in the pursuit of this meagre living. To let go an inch would mean to be reduced to poverty.

How base is the life that we lead in this brute struggle. How low are our ideals. Indeed we have no great passions as a people that are worthy the name of social ideals. What a prostitution the disciples of Christ, in the various churches, must make of the divine ideals of Jesus, in order to tolerate the system of modern competitive struggle. How deep is that prostitution when they descend still lower—from toleration to silence concerning these wrongs, and from silence deeper still to the moral quagmire of actual defense of social and industrial injustice, and the mammonism that is cursing civilization. The passion for the liberty of the Sons of God is tantalized by the dominance of brute force in the pursuit of money, things, power. And all this must be in this present social system. The economic organization of society necessitates it. You renounce the struggle at your peril. Fight or perish.

And Socialism steps in and says: This brute struggle is unnecessary. This crushing of one another is unnecessary and can be stopped. This congestion of wealth while multitudes battle for mere existence is a crime—a black crime. Stop it. Men, be men, and arise.

Socialism says that social forces can be controlled, and must be controlled, lest we perish.

Socialism says that the supreme wrong of the whole situation is that the *basic resources* of life and labor of 80,000,000 of people are

The Path-Finder

now open to the *private ownership*, and monopoly of any man "smart" enough to get hold of them.

Socialism then says, *that the fundamental equipment, for the life and labor of the whole people, ought to belong to the whole people.* The full extent of the application of this principle may be open to difference of opinion. But its vast extension to wide fields of land and machinery is no longer a question.

Let this introduction then to the general Idea of Socialism take hold of you.

I want life—abundant life—for all the people all of the time. Frankly, brothers, I cannot see that the vast mass of the people will ever have abundant life until the Socialist program is applied to the social needs of our time. The whole present competitive system must be abolished from the planet.

Let us give the nation a treatment, with this "New Thought."

Spiritual Science.

Why do we question the future?
 Why do we ask of its truth?
 Why do we seek with the zest of life,
 For the "Fount of Immortal Youth"?
 Why do we search in the silence,
 Aye, grope sometimes as though blind,
 Reaching to find if it may be
 The illimitable path of the Mind?

Down through the sweep of the ages,
 Ever, and ever the same,
 The Spirit has worked out its mission
 Through air and water and flame;
 Worked, as the Master had bidden,
 Worked, though the flesh knew it not;
 Ever to fashion a temple
 Peerless of blemish or spot.

You in whose presence I'm standing,
 Felt, yet a power unseen,
 Are building your life-forces grandly,
 Without rivet or cutting a seam;
 One in solid completeness,
 One in God's purpose of love,
 Held in ties heaven-welded,
 For thy mission above.

Side by side since the day-dawn,
 In joy, in sorrow, in peace,
 Patient has stood each life angel,
 Thy powers of soul to increase;
 Shielded from error and darkness,
 Guided by Truth into Light—
 Into the clearness of sunshine,
 From the flesh that causeth earth's night.

Not to the ear or the eyesight
 Can visions of truth be revealed.
 They are hidden in truest conception,
 While the Spirit in clay is concealed.
 Yet glimpses are given each mortal
 Whose soul claims a moment its own;
 The divine then breathes in the human
 The forces which compass his throne.

So we bid you, each brother, each sister,
 List! to the pleadings divine;
 Fill up each vase of pure crystal
 To the brim, of life's rarest wine;
 Love, and love only, can find it,
 Cause it to flow and ne'er cease,
 Bringing to souls weary laden
 The sweetest blessings of peace.

No envy, no hatred, no malice,
 Must e'er claim a place in thy heart.
 Couldst thou see the path of their working,
 In terror and anguish would start,
 For each with a scorpion's sting,
 Strikes into life's innermost cell;
 Drops its seeds of sin and of poison,
 With dangers you cannot foretell.

But within and about and around you,
 As God sends the beams of His sun,
 So do thou shed the rays of thy presence
 'Till thy mission on earth here is done.
 Then on to the mansions supernal
 That awaits each one in the Truth;
 Yes, on to the life that's eternal,
 And drink from the fountain of youth.

—ABBIE WALKER GOULD.



HOOSIER PATHS.

BLAZED BY D. H. SNOKE, M.D.



OPTIMISM.

"For what's the use of sadness? A man grows lean on't."—*Shakespeare*.

The cheery ring accompanying the expression of ideas by our New Thought writers is, and has been, indicative of the healthful rate of vibration which gives rise to their utterances. The race is deeply indebted to these sanguine observers of the really good things in life, and should show its appreciation of their fearless stand in its behalf.

So long dominated by the funereal hues of a rather sombre theology, the world has been half fearful of accepting the premises of the optimist; but daily and hourly the heaven has been at work, until the religionists scarcely know themselves, being forced to accept the brighter tenets of the cheery advocates of the allness of the good.

The old-time pulpit, scorched by the sulphurous flames of the hell it frightened itself and its adherents with, has been relegated to the realm of has-been, and is substituted by cleaner minded, more optimistic proclaimers of revamped theological dogmas.

With this relaxation from stringent orthodox canons has come a noticeable widening of boundaries in social functions, which is intended to maintain numerical strength and prestige, and which is largely responsible for the modicum of strength the institution manifests.

Our optimistic New Thinkers have contributed in large degree to the individuality which characterizes the men and women of today in their ethical relations and social practices. They have severed many leading-strings which had become fetter-like and galling, and the new freedom which contributes so much to latter day happiness is due to their work.

* * * *

It goes without saying that the improved physical health everywhere manifest is the result of this growing optimism, and that the good beginning will proceed to larger growth and wider influences.

The New Thought advocates have incon-

testably proven that man on general principles is what *he* thinks *himself* to be, and that his condition in life is the result of his own mental measurement rather than the effect of his environment or of extraneous circumstances.

As this conviction has grown upon him, his views of life and its possibilities have widened until every event connected therewith is recognized as essential to his well-being and progress, and he welcomes rather than fears the circumstance which erstwhile was a source of dread to him.

Fear and worry degenerate the integrity of the physical system, while optimism promotes and enhances its well being. It has been the especial mission of the New Thought advocates to impress their facts upon the racial mind, and its incorporation into thousands of lives is bearing fruit of joy all around the world.

He sins against himself who allows pessimism even the slightest footing in the realm of his mentality. There is no hell comparable to that set up in the mind which persistently refuses to recognize the good there is in life, and which as steadily imagines evil to exist in its environment.

When one takes into consideration the absolute worthlessness of worry; when he finds from actual experience that it devitalizes him and places his powers at a discount; when he finds that its indulgence is suicidal to happiness and usefulness, he ought to have sufficient common sense to lay it aside, to bury it forever from his sight and reach.

The same thing is true of sadness, sorrow, anger, envy, covetousness, and the whole category of negative emotions. They dwarf the soul, despoil the integrity of physical structures, and hamper the spirit in its effort to rise.

The clear eye, looking from an unclouded brain, through a clean, unblemished skin,—the eye which attracts, commands, discovers, inspires, is the visual orb of a soul too sane to live upon the negative side of existence, too wise to destroy its own chances of unfoldment

into the realms of real efficiency in the work of the world.

We know it is conventional to worry, to wear crape, to throw mud, to get financial advantage by questionable means, to indulge in lust, to weakly submit to gusts of ill-temper on our own part, to condone these and many others by the sophistic platitude that "it is only human" so to do. But conventionality of this sort is damning, deadening in its action and should be relegated to its proper sphere, the negative side of life's equation.

Cheerfulness is better than medicine since it brings to the circulation, the nerves and brain what medicine cannot bring. As purveyor of health and happiness it ranks far above every device known to science for the upbuilding of the constitution of man.

* * * *

We have it within our power to choose for ourselves in the matter of moods. Our choice can be emphasized and reenforced by recourse to useful health-practices. Even a small degree of will may be made to grow if accompanied by right breathing and sensible exercise.

It may seem peculiar thus to connect the physical and mental, the material and the spiritual, but we wish to say that by virtue of their close juxtaposition they are most intimately related, and that for purposes of earthly manifestation they are each useless without the other.

Happiness for all is the result of thought and action, of knowledge plus action. Every thought is followed by a physical act, restrained or permitted, and the due balance is found in a median course of life.

As entities we are positive and negative and the point of our highest expression of power lies in neither, but at a point midway between the two.

Think over this carefully until you fully perceive its meaning, and then if you will gauge your action accordingly, health and happiness will flow to you, or rather you will be in the midstream of life; away from the jars and ripples which come from lashing the shore upon either side.

We make our own conditions, and whether they be tinged with the bright hues of optimism or the gray and dark tints of pessimistic production depends upon ourselves. Let us therefore live our lives consistently with these facts, and to us will come our due share of happiness and every desirable condition.

* * * *

It may be argued that the substitution of one mood for another, the changing of the mind from grave to gay, from despondence to cheerfulness is easier said than done, which we will grant. But that such a condition of action may be acquired we have proof upon every hand.

There is such a thing as mental gymnastics, whereby the mind may be trained to enter at will into any mood and maintain it under all conditions. This training comes within the province of every life, and duty, success and happiness demand of each and all its adoption and use.

The attainment of happiness, which includes all that is desirable in ethics and in physical practice, is the first duty of all, for then and only then can man function at his best as a factor in the true weal of the race.

A RECORD BREAKER.

Our readers will remember seeing in THE PATH-FINDER a few months ago an advertisement of The Bennington Typewriter Company of Kansas City, Mo.

We are informed by the company that that advertisement which was run in THE PATH-FINDER and Freedom about the same time was the means of placing more than fifteen thousand dollars' worth of stock. These advertisements cost the company less than \$100.

The moral to this is:—It pays to advertise in THE PATH-FINDER.

It is claimed for this typewriter that it will revolutionize the typewriter business. It is a "word-writer" besides possessing other new features of merit. This machine was invented by a "scientist," and is being equipped almost wholly by "New Thought" people.

A number of Eastern cities are offering attractive inducements for the relocation of the factory. The stock of this company is a choice investment. The price will soon advance to par, and as soon as enough is sold to establish the business, no more can be had at any price.

A prospectus can be had on application.

MY ORIGIN.

I am learning with every hour
That I come forth from a Loving Power.
It makes my life divine and free,
And crowns my soul with Liberty.

—EFFIE F. KINGSBURY.

"A Path-Finder Girl."

MY DEAR MR. CONABLE:—

By mail that carries this I send you under separate cover photos of yours truly and of my little daughter, Margarita del Carmen Brannon, y Vega.

This young lady is a PATH-FINDER girl, two years and eleven months of age, weighing thirty-six pounds and eleven ounces; flesh like hickory and strong as any child in the country

ed, of all of which she is very fond. A cow, especially for her milk, is brought in fresh from the pasture once a week; fed on fresh clean grass and then replaced by another fresh from the pasture. She drinks all the fresh milk, warm from the cow or iced, that she feels like drinking, and that amount is pretty much all the cow gives. When we see her falling off in her natural sprightliness and



MARGARITA DEL CARMEN BRANNON. :

A "PATH-FINDER girl" (her father writes), the two years and eleven months' old daughter of Colonel and Mrs. P. P. Brannon, of Armenia, Salvador, C. A.—descendant of O'Connell and Spanish Vegas.

of six years of age. She has never tasted a particle of anything connected with meat—not even soup—and never will if I and her mother, who is a convert, can prevent it. Her food is oranges, bannanas, pineapples, imported American apples, a hundred different fruits of our country, as they are in season, and vegetables, including ripe raw tomatoes and turnips, raw, and plenty of olive oil which you recommend-

animation, we simply say, "stomach," and shut off the grub supply, and in six hours she is making Rome howl again.

She has never taken medicine of any kind, except once or twice a few homeopathic pellets for baby's colic, *before we knew E. W. C. and the P.-F.* She has not taken even that since. I romp with her and challenge her to long breathing many times a day, and now she often

The Path-Finder

runs in from her play-yard to challenge me or show me what long breaths she can take. You may think this exaggeration for a tot not three years old, but it's a fact. She speaks as plainly as any six-year-old child in these parts, and is the Wonder Child here where children are a surfeit.

Croup, small-pox (she is not vaccinated) and a relative of Yellow Jack, visited this town and had a pic-nic of it. Two hundred children were carried off, but this little thing, although she went everywhere about town, escaped entirely, and she was the only child in town that escaped one of the three ills.

She is sound asleep every night at sharp seven and at sharp six awakens of her own accord and starts out on the war-path. She walks from eight to ten blocks, back and forth, and bathes every morning in cold running water before breakfasting. She bathes three times a day and runs barefooted when she feels like it.

Now, Mr. Conable, you may consider all this father's pride or conceit, but it is not, and I think this little girl is a credit to THE PATH-FINDER's teachings. If we had known THE PATH-FINDER before, two little boys who now sleep with the majority, would have been with us well and happy today.

Just as soon as the little thing is old enough she is going to Roswell, Colorado, to be prepared for college in the schools of that place under your supervision. Her mother will go with her and I will stay here to look after family interests and the Path-Finder mine, which I hope will then be pounding the stuffing out of the ore with a thousand stamps.

Sincerely Yours,

Armenia, Salvador.

P. P. BRANNON.

THE POLITICAL THERMOMETER.

IT has come to the point and the *time* when a person's spiritual unfoldment can be measured by the political party to which he attaches himself. This is a curious statement that will not be believed by many, but close scrutiny into it will reveal the truth of this saying. All of the present upheavals in politics and business methods is, purely spiritual. It is *soul* unfoldment and the grade or degree of the unfoldment will place a person just where he or she belongs as to the political parties. The *soul* life puts him in his right place to fit his comprehension of things. No person can go higher than his own compre-

hension. And his unfoldment gives him the understanding up to that plane where his soul unfoldment is at the time; and he can not see beyond that plane. If you try to *stretch* him up to see beyond his soul unfoldment he will resist you. He will count you visionary, imaginary and cranky. It is exactly like a spirit medium describing things he sees with his inner eye. His gross, material friends will sneer at him and call him crazy, imaginary, etc., etc., because *they* can see nothing in the unseen. They can not go beyond their own unfoldment. See? All else (to *them*) is *fraud*. So it is in the present political whirl. A Republican sees nothing but private property. "Get all you can for yourself" is *his* idea. He has no higher sight than for *himself*. Selfishness, greed, tyrannical. No brotherhood in his soul. All *self*. He believes in it, votes it—talks it. The Democrat is just a *little* bit broader in brotherhood, but not enough to even mention. The *Socialist* is away above the old lines, but he, too, has the human idea of doing things by human intellect and by human methods. He tells us they will band together and "*play it*" on the brotherly love plan. This is away above the old party methods, but the Socialist does not see that he is simply the John the Baptist to come on before the greater thing that is to follow Socialism, viz: The Millennial Kingdom (called, in the Bible, the House of David). See Zechariah 12:8. It is to be *AS* God. Made up of 144,000 persons spiritually redeemed in body, soul and spirit. The Bible says they shall be known as the "Holy People, the redeemed of the Lord." Isaiah 62:12.

So we see people in grades, running from the low, vicious, selfish, grasping, material, greedy political plane, on up to the House of David which is to be the absolute perfection of government. It is the thing mentioned in the Lord's Prayer as "Thy kingdom will come on earth, when Thy will shall be done on earth as in heaven." The Socialist movement is the John the Baptist to teach the people to let go of private ownership ideas and collect into a brotherhood; it is the forerunner of the House of David, which is to come on as "Thy kingdom on earth." It is the highest soul unfoldment party now in existence, but the House of David will not be political, at all. All inspiration from God. And where-soever you see a man politically, you will know how far along he is in the soul unfoldment, as his soul will not let him stay

below his unfoldment. Very few have yet reached the plane of unfoldment where they can see the House of David. Not fifteen persons in the world see it yet, although it is already started and will come to sight in twenty years or less.

W. A. REDDING.

Cripple Creek, Colo.,

RIGHT TEACHING IS WHAT IS NEEDED.

BERKELEY, CAL., Feb. 2, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. CONABLE:—I attended J. Stitt Wilson's meeting in Golden Gate Hall, San Francisco, yesterday morning, and at the close bought the February PATH-FINDER. I have been much interested in reading it, and am especially glad that you, as a teacher among the new thought people, have seen fit to join hands with our beloved Socialist leader.

It was Geo. D. Heron who said: "For good or ill, whether we will or no, we are bound up together in this world, and can only achieve our well being together. We might like to have *separate interests* and be able to extricate ourselves as *individuals* from the divine compulsions of this *unity*; but we cannot do so any more than we can individually extricate ourselves from the law of gravity."

It has seemed to me for a long time that the leading writers in Mental Science, etc., have remained strangely blind to this fact. If there is any one truth that has been emphasized by them, it is this *unity*—this oneness of all individuals with God, and consequently with each other. This being true, *I* cannot be free so long as I see my *brother* in bondage; *I* cannot be absolutely *pure* so long as I *behold iniquity*.

But this ethical side of the question is not the only one. There is the scientific side. Helen Wilmans says she would educate the poor man whose children are crying for bread in the knowledge of Mental Science. But, suppose he is not capable of such education? Many people of cultivated minds confess their inability to understand the New Thought. It is not something that can be taught to every one. A preparatory education is first necessary. I thoroughly believe that "man, through the intelligent understanding and use of his thinking power, may order and direct his life as he will." But it *all depends upon the intelligent understanding*. How many of the coal-miners of Pennsylvania, even if they had a teacher, do you suppose would be capable of

understanding and using their mental forces so as to change their environment? How many of them could be convinced that the power of thought is greater than the power of gun powder? Or that the realm of mind is more real than the blackness and foul air of the mine and the squalor of their homes?

To be sure, these men in soul and body are the product of their past thinking. But what were the causes of their thinking just as they did? Science tells us that conscious thought arises from sensation; and sensation is the effect of the suggestions of environment. Would it not be well to apply some kindergarten principles right here, by changing the environment so that it would suggest thoughts of a different character—thoughts that would be educative in their nature?

It is perfectly possible for one who *understands how*, to make his life what he wishes it to be, but the man who does not understand is shaped and moulded greatly, if not almost altogether, by his surroundings. Does the man who understands owe nothing to him who does not understand? Is it not the duty of all who have discovered the power within themselves to direct that power toward giving others a *chance* to discover their own power?

Yours Sincerely,

ALICE VAIL-HOLLOWAY.

WHAT WE ARE.

I am a child of the Universe,
Of all that is I am,
I am of the flowers, the singing birds,
The sunshine and the rain;
I am of the wind that blows the clouds
Across the morning sky,
My being reaches to the stars
And far beyond the reach of eye.
As far beyond as mind can reach,
Through and beyond Life's fathomless sea.
There's naught but me in the Universe,
And there's naught but light and life,
I came from them, they glow in me,
With their splendor and beauty my being is rife.



TRUE FREEDOM.

The truth of life declares me free,
The world has naught to do with me!
I am my own in Life's free Love,
And that I'm sure my freedom proves!

EFFIE F. KINGSBURY.

Some Good Books.

"These are My Jewels," by Stanley Waterloo, is a splendid book for the young folks and is written in the author's brightest and most interesting style; Bound in a beautiful shade of red cloth; 230 pages; splendid print. Address Collidge & Waterloo, 87 Washington St., Chicago.



Prof. E. J. Petritsch, of Durango, Colo., is the author of a 125-page book that will be found of more than usual interest to many. It appears under the title of "Science and Regeneration," and gives in concise form the author's ideas concerning the proper uses and the many abuses of the sex functions. Price, \$1. Address as above.



"Concentration and the Acquirement of Personal Magnetism," by O. Hashnu Hara, is a book well worth reading and studying by the one who is in earnest in his search for truth. It contains a great deal of interesting and practical information, besides many good exercises, which, if practiced faithfully, become invaluable to the student and scholar alike. Price is 2s 6d; published by the Psychic Review Co., 239 Superior St., Toledo, Ohio.



R. A. Dague, ex-Senator and attorney-at-law, has kindly sent us his new book, "Henry Ashton." This book should be in the possession of every person in America who can read. It is a decidedly interesting story—interesting because a *true* story, relative to the establishing of the co-operative commonwealth in Zanland, an island inhabited by more than a million of highly cultured and intelligent people, who have in *successful operation* a Socialistic government. It is well bound in cloth and presents an attractive appearance. Address the author, R. A. Dague, Alameda, Cal.



A most valuable contribution to New Thought literature is, "True Metaphysical Science and its Practical Application Through the Law of Suggestion," by F. W. Southworth,

M. D. This book contains good things for the multitude, and the best part of the book is wherein the author tells the multitude how to procure these things for themselves. This, in our judgment, is what goes to make up a good book, and we can recommend this work to those interested along the lines of suggestive therapeutics. \$1, published by the Suggestion Publishing Co., 420 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago.



"The Waters Above the Firmament" or "The Earth's Annular System," is the Mosaic record scientifically explained by Isaac N. Vail, in a deeply interesting and scholarly manner. This splendid work is a very valuable contribution to modern science, and especially valuable to students of geology and physiography. It contains much solid information incident to the formation and development of worlds from the molten state down to the present condition of our own earthly sphere. This is the first of a series of volumes, as the author states, occupying separate, but contiguous fields of science. Four hundred pages, splendidly bound, price \$2. Address I. N. Vail, Pasadena, Cal.



"Suggestion and Osteopathy," by W. I. Gordon, M. D., D. O., of Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the very best works of modern times and should be in every home. The contents of this book are the result of many years of persistent study and research and practical demonstrations in the application of suggestion in the treatment of all forms of disease. Dr. Gordon is a graduate of both the old and modern schools of medicine and surgery, and being a persistent student along the higher lines of thought as applied to the handling of diseases, he is immensely successful in the field of physical disorders. The book contains many half-tone illustrations of the Doctor's work and will be found of great usefulness to the profession as well as to the laity. Over 300 pages of close but distinct print. Price, \$1.50. Address Suggestive Therapeutic Publishing Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



THE STORY OF A MINE.

A True Narrative.

WRITTEN FOR THE PATH-FINDER BY COLONEL P. P. BRANNON.

(Continued From March Number.)

Outside, overhead, flocks of screaming paroquets flashed, glinting by in the morning's sun like giant handfulls of living emeralds flung from source unseen; the crickets chirped in the rotting thatch; the great purple and green lizards blinked, basking on the heated stones, and in the nearby mango tree, the "zen-zontle"—the Indian word for "the flower that sings"—warbled and trilled its pæan of love to pulsing nature, when this kindly old gentleman—and young lover—cast off his moorings and floated away on the boundless ocean of etheric space another argonaut, in quest of a solution for the eternal riddle of the Sphinx.

Three days later we were on the mainland, had secured transportation and were off for the interior, where we were to purchase animals and outfit.

We mounted early in the forenoon, and in not over half an hour from the customs house door the trail took us into a mass of quartz that for quantity I never saw an equal, before or since. Thousands of great boulders of quartz covered the plain on either side of the trail for six miles; on our left, dotting the hillside to the foot of a frowning cliff a hundred feet above us, from which they had evidently been detached in the past, and had rolled down. The great body of the material beneath them was of the same class but finer, and the only vegetation was giant fluted cactus.

I knew very little about quartz, or quartz milling, at the time; my experience as a miner having been mostly limited to the hash superintendency of our prospecting expeditions in search of Joe's "Poor Man's Mine," and although distinct premonition had, twice, saved my life, I knew nothing of the psychological phenomena that is the basis of modern "New Thought," and paid very little attention to such matters; but suddenly, and emphatically, a voice that was not a voice, seemed to say to me: "There is the chance of your life. Take

it. What you see is gold quartz."

Joe was a short distance ahead helping the packers swear at the mules, and occasionally yelling back, "Get a move on you, Irish, or we will be roasted in this infernal hole," and I was jogging along with mind and eyes fixed on the boulders, and cliff; and the conviction that we were on top of a gold mine boring into my brain with increasing persistency.

"I say, Joe, call a halt!"

"What's up, Irish?"

"Gold quartz is up, and don't you forget it."

"Oh, h—ll! You make me tired. Spur up that relative of yours, and let's get out of this."

"I tell you, Joe Milner this is gold quartz, and there are millions in it. Let's camp a few days and prospect it. Look at the quantity, and right up against tide water."

"Well, I swear; that's excellent! Would you kindly inform me who it was that told you it's gold quartz?"

"Nobody told me, but I know it's gold quartz, and it's a big thing."

"Ho, ho! ha, ha! he, he! Well, I'll be d—d if that isn't almost too good. See here, Irish, you wouldn't know gold quartz from baled hay. You make my corns ache when you turn loose your clack on mining. The more experience you have, the less you seem to know about it. Just look at the volcanos all around us! Nobody but a turf miner would ever dream of mines in a place like this."

"I don't care a continental for the volcanoes, nor for you either—it's gold quartz."

"Oh, dear me! This is very discouraging. See here, Irish, you've been traveling with me for twenty-five years, and if you haven't got common sense by this time, by thunder, you never will have. Come on; let's get out of this."

"Right you are, 'Nut-Megs.' Any man who would travel around twenty-five years, with a mining sharp that at the end hasn't a second

shirt to his back, not only lacks common sense, but is constitutionally shy on grey matter; but this is gold quartz, all the same; and I know it; and, furthermore, if I was up on as-saying I would camp right here, whether you stayed or not."

"There you go again. *You know it.* Now see here, boy—as a rule he called me Irish, but he would call me Boy, Flaherty, Mulvaney or Flannagin, as the spirit moved him—you don't know what you are talking about. If I thought there were any brains concealed about your person, I would be inclined to think Crawford's death had affected 'em, but such a case being beyond the range of possibilities, I can attribute your present rantankerous condition to nothing but this infernal heat, so let's get out of this as fast as possible, and I will convince you of your erroneous way of looking at this matter, *by logic.* You know what logic is, don't you? Well, Irish, always carry a good supply of logic in your blankets, and you will stroll on easy street. Now, when I was in Boise Basin . . ."

"Go to blazes with your Boise Basin. I am sick and tired of hearing you yawp on Boise Basin, Rubber Boot Gulch, Flannel Shirt Flat, and the rest of the wooly boom camps. You were one of the pioneers in that country, and have been back there a dozen times. What have you got to show for it? . . . A few rotten letters from your old chum, James of Nevada. I notice your correspondence with him has fallen off considerably since he became Millionaire Senator James, and I'd bet peanuts he wouldn't recognize you on the street if he met you tomorrow, unless he happened to run up against you on some unfrequented side street; and he'd be right. You're no miner! You're a tramp, and a Yankee tramp at that; and you've made a tramp out of me, also. We have walked fifty thousand miles through uncivilized America in the last twenty-five years, most of 'em on our uppers; and in that time if we had worked half as hard at sawing wood we would have been in Congress. I am about sick of your blasted 'Poor Man's Mine,' and don't believe you would freeze onto it if you found it tomorrow. It would lack a telephone or some other, according to your ideas, absolutely necessary modern attachment. You are the possessor of such an outrageously overgrown opinion of your abilities as a miner that you don't know what you want."

"Why, what's the matter with you, Irish?

I haven't seen you so hot since Dan Green was killed on the Napo."

"Hot? I've reason to be hot. We're getting along in years with nothing in sight but a two by six poor man's mine. And you still dreaming of stuff that you can knock the twenty-dollar gold pieces out of with a club. We found the big group of mines at Maravillas, after nearly freezing to death in the Peruvian Andes, and they weren't good enough for us. Oh, no! Too far from civilization. They lacked an opera house, and Turkish baths, but they were plenty good enough for the Lime jineers* to put a fifty stamp mill on and those same fool English men are bumming around the Mediterranean in nickle-plated yachts. The lead proposition at "Pampa Negra" was not in our line either. No coal; no troutfishing; nor ice cream, d—n it all; but a big smelter is painting the sky black with New Castle smoke, and the stockholders are automobiling for exercise. The bar at Esmeraldas wasn't good enough for us. Oh, no! Only eleven cents to the square yard, and anly about forty million yards, but it was plenty good for Tom Fleming—who had less money than we had—to go home and get a big hydraulic plant, and he is now betting on the races, and wearing silk undershirts. In all these years we have been tramping you have had your choice of at least two hundred mines, most of them good ones. I swear I would really like to know what kind of a mine you are after, anyhow."

"I am after diamonds in the future, Irish. They are easier to carry. Now, when I was in Kimberley" . . .

"Oh, quit your blowing. You haven't been anywhere near Kimberly, or you wouldn't have waited till now to spout about it. Let's anchor on the first fair proposition that comes our way, and hold it down, till we dig a presentable hole in it, if we have to plant turnips and live on them while we are doing it. We can always get capital, if we can offer it a square proposition. Let's look for a rich man's mine a little while, Joe. Rich men are a necessary evil, and they are mighty handy in this world, if you give them a clean show for their white ally. The rich men have camped on our trail plumb from Chili here, and most of them are developing mines, and gout, that would have been ours if we had had any gumption. What we lack is a business manager—or straight-jackets."

*Englishmen.

"Now, Irish, give me a chance, will you, or am I a silent partner in this outfit? You talk faster than an auctioneer with the jim-jams. I can't get a word in edgewise. I don't as a rule, object to your talking proclivities, for they relieve the monotony of cussing the mules, and wear the flannel off your mouth in great shape. People will be apt to take you for an American, if you ever go back to the States, but I do object to vituperation when I've no chance to defend myself. Now, let's look at the situation logically, and then if you don't agree with my deductions, why we will just camp right here ten days, or ten years, or until you are perfectly satisfied that there is nothing for us in this rock heap, but, holy smoke, do give me a little show to exercise my jaws also."

"Drive ahead. What is it?"

"To begin with—now don't interrupt—this is neither a fissure, a vein, or a lead, or anything else that shape belongs to. You will notice it runs in no particular direction, and the probabilities are its just as broad as it's long. Now, sonny, this is, in mining parlance, a big, overgrown blow up of barren quartz." . . .

"How do you know it's *barren* quartz?"

"Keep your shirt on, Irish. This is my inning. It's barren quartz, and that's all there is to it; and it's been lying there, just as you see it, since Columbus was a rag-baby. Will you admit that?"

"Yes; but how do you know it's barren?"

"Dry up, will you? Just answer my questions and leave out the trimmings. You are being cross-examined for the defense. As I was saying, it was lying there as you see it when "Cris." landed on the continent with his first cargo of priests and jail-birds; and every miner since, Daygo or Gringo, that has entered or left the country on this coast has passed over that blow up, for there is no other trail. Do you admit that, Irish?"

"Yes."

"Well, boy, the old Spaniards were pretty good miners in their way, and it's not logical that they would have overlooked this mountain of rock if there was any metal in it. Is that so?"

"No, it's not so. The old Spaniards never worked low grade ores, such as are piling up millions, for capital, all over the world with cyanide" . . .

"Well, now, hold up a bit; we'll throw the old Spaniard overboard. Don't get excited.

You will certainly admit that the San Juan, Santa Lucia, Zurchers, and the Aremecina outfits know a thing or two about mines, mining, cyanide, and the rest of it. Well, each of these companies, and the French outfit also, send their bullion over this trail once a month. Each of them is reaching out for everything in sight, and employ a scientific assayer, with a first-class outfit, for exactly that purpose; and each of them are visited by ten or a dozen high-priced experts every year. Everybody connected with these people, peons excepted, are mining men from way back. You don't want to forget that, nor that they are kicking up dust on this trail pretty much all the time. It's dollars to doughnuts that each of them have assayed this rock more than forty times. Now, Irish, if you says so, we will unlimber. I haven't another word to say on the matter."

"Joe, old man, you're right, as you always are. I take it all back. Let's get out of this."

"I thought I'd get you. I tell you, Irish, there is nothing like logic. Always keep a good supply of logic about you to polish up your deductions with, and you will wear diamonds. Now when I was in Deadwood——"

Sixty hours later we turned the bald brow of El Cervo de Lule, as the sun was sinking behind the silvery rim of the Pacific, and were gazing through our glasses at the island where we had buried poor Crawford—seven thousand feet below—and at an ocean of Alps spread beneath us in all directions.

Oh, the exquisite beauty and ravishing grandeur of it all! To the northwest, in Salvador, two hundred miles by the trail, graceful Ysalco, flaunting her gilded banner of smoke against the shell-tinted arch of declining day, and away to the southeast, on the shores of sparkling lake Managua, rugged Momotombo saluting with answering puffs and grumbings. Shadows in the ravines, and golden sunshine on the shoulders of the leaf-mailed hills, with here and there hoary grey cliffs peeping out from their mantles of mottled green like strongholds of the Middle Ages.

"Joe, if this is a sample of his handicraft, what must the artisan be?"

"Do you believe in God, Irish?"

"I believe there is something behind all this, or that we are passing through a stupendous dream."

"Even if it is dream, it strikes me that something or somebody, somewhere, is working steadily at the windless, for things are moving right along in the customary groove every

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time we look at 'em. Hope the power behind it all is not the two-legged God the gospel pounders paint, for if it is, great Scott, Irish, won't he wipe the floor up with this generation of he ever gets his hands on us?"

"Lots of people believe we come back here again after we kick the bucket, Joe. What's your opinion on that proposition?"

"Haven't got any; but, if it's true, it's a pretty tough deal on this beautiful old world of ours. If the same gang of hogs, hypocrites, and highbinders here at present are coming back again to open up at the old stand, why all I can say about it is that I can't see any particular necessity for a special Hell. Hoop-la-aa. Mula-a-a! Get a move on you!"

* * * * *

After purchasing our animals and outfitting at San Pedro, our only detention was an expected cable from our agent in 'Frisco, which arrived in due time. It was only one word, but that word was "Diamonds."

This result was no more than we had expected when we sent Crawford's pebbles to be experted, but nevertheless the confirmation of our expectations seemed to thrill us with enthusiasm.

Joe, on reading it, let a yell out of him like a Comanche war-whoop, sprang into the air, cracked his heels together, cut a New Orleans "pigeon wing" and danced a frantic "double shuffle" in less time than it takes to tell it—much to the astonishment of the bar-room loungers, and the parish priest, who was present testing his fighting cocks for a coming main against those of the genial and greasy off-colored landlord; and I was so enthusiastically elated myself over the matter that I was tempted to imitate his gymnastics.

"Flannagin, old boy. Shake! Say. Old Man Crawford was sure enough straight goods; all wool, and a full yard wide. Well, I'll be d——d! Diamonds in Central America! Who'd 'a' thought it?"

"I did from the start, Joe. Fakes don't pack around such papers as Crawford carried."

"Now that luck seems to be coming our way, in a bunch, we must do the handsome by the little woman in mourning back in Minnesota. I told you all the time we'd hit it rich some day, and now I move we send the first half-bushel of sparklers we find to Mrs. Crawford. What do you say to that proposition?"

"Agreed, Joe. That's talking like a man. The first half-bushel goes for a starter. If it

hadn't been for Crawford, we would never have dreamed of such wealth."

"There's another little matter—a business matter—that we will have to attend to also before we begin to throw gems on the market. You are always howling about my business incapacity, and my inability to sell even twenty-dollar gold pieces without losing money on 'em, but I notice I am about the only business sharp in this outfit. I'm business first, last and all the time; and my record proves it. If I had no more business in me than the Irish—whiskey business excepted—I would go somewhere and lose myself."

"Oh, give us a rest! Don't talk so much with your mouth. If you have anything worth saying, say it; and quit booming yourself."

"Well, when I was in Africa I picked up a thing or two about diamonds that in the near future we will take stock of among our most valuable assets. *You* may not think so, but that cuts no figure in the matter. I learned that the diamond market is a nervously sensitive combination that has to be handled with gloves; and I can tell you, right now, that it won't do for us to run the risk of breaking it by selling in cargo lots, and to avoid such a result, we will have to join the Rhodes syndicate or they us. The Kimberley gang know how to keep up prices and as we are new in the business we must try to profit by their experience."

"Why, Joe, I thought you were dead set against syndicates?"

"Well! . . . See here? . . . That's to say—er—Well, d——n it all, I am down on any d——d syndicate that I don't belong to; but this is an entirely different matter. Now, about those yachts of ours?" . . .

"Oh, I guess one good yacht will be enough for the two of us, Joe. There's no particular hurry about burning money—that we can do most any time."

"Well, I don't know but you are right. With one vessel we will lose the fun of racing, but the economy will be such that we can afford a brass band; and it has always been my ambition to have a brass band I can call my own. I don't suppose either of us would be satisfied, anyhow, living on separate yachts—but I insist on a triple screw and turbine engines, and an ice machine. And say! What's the matter about a soda water and ice cream plant on board?"

Eighteen months later when we came out of the bush, without diamonds and not much

of anything else—health excepted—and I told Joe he looked so tough I wouldn't go into town with him unless he waited until after dark, he answered me, that if he, for a moment, imagined he looked half as much like a bankrupt hobo as I did, he would have a boiler plate mask made and riveted on for keeps."

* * * * *

"What next, Joe?"

"Damfino, Irish, unless we hunt up a crow bar and open up a bank."

"Well, I'm tired of the woods, and to go back we will have to draw on our rainy-day nest egg; so I propose we turn to and earn another grub-stake. By that time we will be just as tired of civilization, and can turn our faces diamond-ward again without regret, well rested, light-hearted; and possibly with a little something added to the nest egg. How does it strike you?"

"It's a go; but there's no chance in our line to earn anything in this land of ham-mocks and bananas, that I can see."

"Not so fast, sonny; not so fast. Of course, you are the only business end of this outfit. There's no business in the Irish—of course not. Oh, no! People from Maine possess all the business capabilities on earth. They are business, first, last and all the time, but I notice some of them would let business opportunities knock 'em down without noticing 'em."

"What do you mean? Do you see anything for us in this God-forsaken country?"

"Millions, Joe; millions! Inside of two years we will be railroad kings, if you will follow my lead. Let's take hold of the old railroad concealed down there in the undergrowth, and show these people what American grit can do with an abandoned European enterprise."

"Why, great Scott! There's hasn't been a locomotive over the rails in four years, and it would cost more to cut the timber off the right-of-way than to build a new road. Where's your money coming from."

"Now listen, Joe. The comandante and myself are chums; and I have been chinning him on this matter for the last ten days. He is at a white-heat about our taking up the business and says he will use his influence with the President to not only get us the road, to make all we can out of; but also to get us the funds from the government to start up with. To begin with, he proposes to clean a trail

for us over the right-of-way from here to the port, so that we can examine the bridges and culverts, which he claims are O. K.; and he will see that we have all facilities for examining the shops, stores, rolling stock, etc., and, in a word, will back us for all his official position is worth. He claims there are four engines, lots of cars, a first-class machine shop, and some supplies in the store. He feels certain the government will give us the road and help us start up; and from the pack trains going back and forth through this place it seems to me we ought to make a good thing out of it under such conditions. Now if you say so, we will look into the matter; it will cost us only our time, which, for the moment, is of no value; or, if you don't like the proposition let's light out for home and prospect that big blow-up on the way."

"Oh, d—n the blow up! Can't you get that pipe-dream out of your noddle? Let's give the comandante a chance to spend his money. I think myself if we can get a train over the track we ought to be able to make some money."

"Can you run an engine?"

"Well, I should smile, Irish. I'm a Yank, Irish; and a Yank can do anything."

"Well, if you can run the engine I can do the rest."

"Oh, ho! A kind of a 'touch the button' affair. I do the work, and you do the rest. Can't we have an engineer, so that I can get an occasional chance to do a little resting myself."

"Of course; just as soon as we get under way, and can afford it, we will have a man out from the States; but in the meantime let's start up as economically as possible."

At the end of three months I was back from the capital with eighty thousand paper dollars. Joe called them "dungaree dollars," on account of their blue tint,—and an "Interventor," whose duty it was to see the money was disbursed properly.

It was agreed with the government that we were to have full control of the property for the term of three years. The sum of eighty thousand dollars, paper, to be expended, under official inspection, exclusively on repairs, and—as the government expected an out and out purchaser—it reserved the right to take the property from us at any time upon the payment of four thousand dollars American gold; we agreeing to run one train *one way* each day, and to open the road for traffic

within two months from the date of contract.

Joe was hilariously enthusiastic over the terms of the agreement, and thought two yachts wouldn't be any too many for a pair of railroad kings.

The property, from one end to the other, and in all departments, was in a lamentable condition. Of the four engines, each of different make, one had her crown sheet blistered, another her flues burnt out, and a third lacked pretty near all detachable parts, including a cylinder head; so we had only one to choose from. To enumerate the failings of this one, beginning with inch grooves in her drivers; for which we lacked a lathe, would take pages, but we finally got her in shape to get up steam and try her.

She made more noise than a drop forge broke loose from its moorings, and had an exasperating habit of dropping chunks of her mechanism along the track every time she caught Milner watching out for cattle, or employed at anything outside her particular necessities.

The Flats and Boxes were completely gone—worm eaten. As also the passenger coaches, except one second-class coach, which Joe turned into a first and second by painting "First Class" on one side and "Second Class" on the other. She was extremely loose-jointed and on that account proved herself of vital importance to the enterprise, as afterwards turned out; for if it hadn't been for the daily fun we got out of her pranks, Joe would have jumped his job, for he claimed that the more paper money we took in the poorer we were.

Joe was an artist with a paint brush, and imagined he could make a living anywhere, at lettering. He painted the engine blue—there was no other color to be had—and lettered it in bright yellow "Brian Boru" in honor of the general manager's Irish descent. He was very sorry there was no green to be had, as he considered blue, in connection with the name of Ireland's great King rather incongruous. The coach he also painted blue, with bright yellow striplings, and lettered it "Minne-ha-ha." He claimed that he had once gone from Omaha to Chicago on a Pullman of that name, and that he proposed to be up-to-date, or get out of the business.

I told him I thought he had left too much space between the two ha's and also between the ha's and the Minne, but he claimed that it would be noticed by nobody but ourselves, and an occasional foreigner, who, if he happened

to be d—d fool enough to risk his neck on our road would certainly be too much of a d—d fool to know anything about literature.

The comandante, who was deeply interested in our enterprise, on account of a banana ranch he owned half way up the line, sent a commission to the interior and brought down six hundred volunteers, tied on long ropes, and at the point of the bayonet, and we got the right-of-way cleared up in no time. We had to put in a good many new ties, on curves, and other portions of the road, where the rails absolutely would not stay in place—an expenditure Joe considered superfluous, as he felt certain that the grooves in Brian Borus' drivers would hold the rails to gauge all right, and we spent a whole lot of money for wood, oil, tallow, and so forth; and in organizing a bucket brigade half-way up the line to fill the tender, as there were no tanks or pumps.

All difficulties end sometimes, somehow, or somewhere; if men are not quitters, and at last we saw our way to name a date for the official reopening of the P. C. & S. P. for traffic, and that section of the Republic began to take on a holiday appearance.

The comandante was given carte blanc regarding the guests to be invited for the first trip over the road. We told him the train, one coach, was at his disposal and that we were prepared to carry as many as could jam in, get on top, or crowd on the tender, but as we had nearly twenty-five miles to make and as it was our first trip, we would have to make

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an early start to be sure of getting to San Pedro before sun down.

Something went wrong with the sons of Manana land on that occasion, for they were on time. Such a thing certainly never happened before, and probably will never happen again in Spanish-America, and Joe had a bewildered look on his face when he saw the mob march into the station five minutes ahead of time.

"Brian" and "Minne," as Joe called them for short, were gaily decked out in flags and flowers when we pulled out through the enthusiastic cheers of the gathered population, the roar of guns on the Plaza, and the clanging of a dozen frantic church bells, with the local military band on the top of the coach pumping the "Star-Spangled Banner" into space, in honor of "los Americanos."

The "Minne" was an American-built car, with two seats running lengthwise from end to end, as they do in street cars; one of them being first and the other second-class, a brilliant idea of Joe's, in lieu of another coach, that gave the social classes an opportunity to criticise each other at short range, and face to face. These seats were of inch and a quarter longitudinal slats, half an inch apart, and were, according to Joe, the only "genuinely scientific, git up and git, attachment" on the whole shooting match."

At one of our many stops, Joe told me he was hitting the trail at the rate of six miles an hour and that if "Brian" would only quit throwing away machinery he thought we ought to get to San Pedro by noon. I could see he was enjoying himself by the way he was wiping the sweat off his face with a bunch of greasy waste.

The infernal clatter of Brian's loose joints, and Minne's square wheels had silenced the band in less than a half hour's run from the port; but inside the car everything was enthusiasm, and mutual admiration, leavened with occasional pulls at an assortment of bottles bearing legends in various languages.

We had on board, beside the comandante and his staff, the customs officers, the telegraph operator, the master of the port, the municipality, various prominent residents, the resident judge and the priest. The comandante had waxed eloquent regarding the energy and enterprise of "los Americanos" and the glorious future in store for his native land; and I, seated facing him in the second-class department, was extolling to him, across the aisle,

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the rapid strides that Spanish-America in general was making toward her natural goal in the galaxy of civilized nations, when we struck our first curve, about six miles from the port. Minne lurched like a ship in a heavy sea and I had a sensation of about six able-bodied bulldogs attached to the seat of my trousers. Minne's over-dried frame had skewe-geed to the form of a parallelogram, and the seat-slats had closed on their contents like a vise.

I saw through my tears, when I extricated myself, the passengers dancing around like crazy monkeys on hot coals, and the air was full of excruciating howls, mingled with eloquent Spanish profanity. The cuss words the comandante was juggling with were painful. He had changed to a yellow-greenish complexion and was offering to lick the priest, or anybody else, in two jerks of a lamb's tail; but things quieted down when the band struck up "There will be a hot time in the old town tonight," and good humor soon threw her mantle of laughter over our angry opinions of each other.

Joe, on hearing the agonized howls and noticing the frantic gestures of his freight, had brought Brian to a stand still, and came back to the car to learn the cause of the row. On its being explained, he returned to his post of duty, hung half of himself three feet and three inches out of the cab window and roared with laughter until the conductor began flinging empty bottles at him. At two p. m., after being seven hours on the road, we pulled into San Pedro, where another band, the notabilities of the region and congratulatory telegrams from the government, awaited us; and then the festivities began in good earnest.

Bell-ringing, refreshments, flowered speeches and a civic parade were but the overture for the evening's fire works, and ball. San Pedro had resolved to do herself proud in honor of the occasion, and for the ulterior purpose of making her hated rival, the port, look like thirty cents.

(Concluded in May Issue.)

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